



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series.

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

Vol. 3. No. 31.

THE RANDOLPH JOURNAL

Published every Thursday, by

A. J. NEFF & A. M. WOODIN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year,

if paid in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion, \$1.00

Each additional insertion, 25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise for a longer period.

L. P. & C. RAIL ROAD

TIME TABLE.

Trains on this road pass Winchester as follows:

MAIL at..... 6:00 P. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS at..... 8:25 A. M.

LOCAL FREIGHT at..... 6:05 A. M.

GOING EAST.

MAIL at..... 10:15 A. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS at..... 12:0 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION at..... 8:10 P. M.

Arrival and Departure of Trains at

Union City, Ohio and Indiana State

Line.

BUCKLEFAST LINE—GOING EAST.

Arrive—

Express Mail..... 7:15 A. M.

Night Express..... 12:30 A. M.

Accommodation..... 8:45 P. M.

Depart—

Express Mail..... 7:30 A. M.

Night Express..... 12:30 A. M.

Accommodation..... 6:05 A. M.

COLUMBIAN RAILROAD.

Arrive.

Express Mail..... 7:55 A. M.

Night Express..... 12:30 A. M.

Accommodation..... 8:45 P. M.

Depart.

Express Mail..... 7:55 A. M.

Night Express..... 12:30 A. M.

Accommodation..... 8:45 P. M.

DAVISON & UNION RAILROAD.

Arrive.

Express Mail..... 1:25 P. M.

Night Express..... 5:35 P. M.

Accommodation..... 8:45 P. M.

Depart.

Express Mail..... 2:30 P. M.

Night Express..... 12:30 A. M.

Accommodation..... 6:15 A. M.

Times of Holding Courts.

Circuit Court is held twice a year, March

14th, 1864, and September—1864. Jehu

T. Elliott, Judge.

Court of Common Pleas, three times a

year: 3rd Monday of February, 4th Monday

of June, and 4th Monday of October. J. M.

Stevens, Judge.

The Board of County Commissioners meet

on the first Mondays of March, June, Sep-

tember and December. Arthur McKew,

Andrew Devoss and C. F. Alexander, Com-

missioners

Business Directory.

Business Cards, 10 lines or less, \$5 a year.

INvariably in Advance.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

APPLICANTS FOR LICENSE TO

TEACH SCHOOL, WILL BE EX-

AMINED ON THE LAST SATURDAY

IN EACH MONTH, AT THE NEW

BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE, WINCHE-

STER.

PLEASANT HIATT,

Examiner, Randolph County.

JOHN B. CROWLEY, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Gives special attention to Diseases of the

EYE AND EAR.

Office and Residence, Winchester, Ind.

DR. D. FERGUSON,

Winchester, Indiana.

Office and Residence on corner of Main

and South streets, where he may at all times

be found, unless professionally engaged.

S. M. McCLURE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and Residence, on Meridian street,

at Mr. Quirk's former residence.

J. R. BROWN, M. D.

OFFERS his professional services to the

citizens of Winchester and vicinity.

Office south side of the Public Square.

In the room formerly occupied by Dr. Teal.

Residence, opposite the Methodist Church.

Dr. M. COYNER,

Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,

MORRISTOWN, INDIANA.

ATTENDS promptly to all calls in the

line of his profession. Charges

moderate.

Residence and office on Main St.

South part of town.

LENKERSDORFER & WESP,

MANUFACTURERS OF FURNITURE

and Chairs, of the latest and best

styles. East of Public Square, Winchester.

JOHN ROSS,

GROCER AND BAKER, and dealer in

Provisions, &c. Store on the north-

east corner of Main and Franklin streets.

THOMAS WARD,

HARDWARE Merchant, Washington

street, north of the Public Square,

Winchester, Ind.

JOHN J. CHENEY, [REDACTED]

MILITARY CLAIM AGENCY.

CHENEY & WATSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WINCHESTER, IND.

Are prepared to procure

Pensions, Bounties and Arrears of Pay

upon the most favorable terms. Strict at-

tention given to collection and security of

Claims. Office in Jail building.

THE WAR NOT ENDED.

The weary days of strife not past,
The battle's work not done;
Full many a noble youth must fall
With evening's setting sun—
Full many a brave, ambitious heart
Its course of life had run.

Dark is creeping slowly o'er the earth,
Like sorrow's mourning pall—
Upon the dead their silent folds
Like funeral drap'ries fall;
Upon the dead, who willing gave
To death their life, their all.

The starry orbs of dazzling light
Were gazing from above,
With passive eyes, that seemed to mourn
This wreck of human love—
This spoil of man, within whose breast
Such dark designs are wove.

O'er the mountain, tall and grim,
Across the soft, pale moon,
Less bright than the burning sun
The scorched cheek at noon—
The blooming cheek, ah, little wrecked
To have died so soon.

Each ghastly corpse, all stiff and cold,
Each brow, and glazed eye,
Were upward turned, in stony gaze
Towards the evening sky,
As mourning for the captive soul
That winged, perchance, on high.

Oh! noble ones, thus guided on
To realms of love and light,
By the bright shades that gladly soared
Beyond America's heights;
Thy Union best, now proves to thee
No more was of night. ELENORA.

[Correspondence of the Journal.]

DICK DAVIS, THE GUERRILLA.

BY T. M. B.

It is an old maxim, that occasions

make men, and taking it to be true,

what an opportunity this war has af-

forded to almost every man to write

his name in the world's history?—

But comparatively a few have

"snatched the golden moment," and

yet it has been prolific in the de-

velopment of the various traits of hu-

man character. It has become a

stupendous tragedy, in which every

caste and type of actor may have his

role, and play his part. It has made

its Alexanders, who have fought but

to conquer, its heroes, who, like The-

mistocles, have risen from obscurity

to renown; and it has had its mar-

tyrs, who, like Marco Bozaris, have

sacrificed their lives freely and wil-

lingly upon the altar of their country,

to secure the nation's triumph, and

liberty to its people.

This giant political convulsion has

not only brought general and states-

man to the surface, but it has exhib-

ited another phase of human nature,

which, although daring and adventur-

ous, will perhaps seldom find its place

in the history of these times. I refer

to a class of Banditti, who, taking

advantage of the universal chaos

into which society has been thrown

by this war, are now committing

crimes of robbery and bloodshed

all over the South-West. They take

"Dick Turpin" as their model, pos-

sessing his courage to do wrong,

but none of his eccentric magnani-

mity. Possessing none of that high-

toned chivalric feeling that desires

"foemen worthy of their steel," they

wage warfare upon the unwary and

the defenceless. Stimulated by no

feeling of honor, they fight for no

goal, no nationality, but solely for

booty. They seek no open battle-

field upon which, on equal terms, to

break a lance with their foe, like the

ancient Knights-Errent, but hide

themselves in ambush and entrap

their victims like savages. In times

of peace they are generally bullies,

thieves and loafers, and in war, not

having sufficient manhood to espouse

either side of the quarrel, they take

advantage of the circumstances, and

turn highwaymen and freebooters.

Notwithstanding all this, the lives of

these men are always more or less

exciting and romantic. Frequently

they pass through dangers that would

try the courage of the strongest

nerve and stoutest heart. Of the

Guerrilla Chiefs who have spread

consternation and alarm in Western

Tennessee, none have acted so con-

spicuous a part as he, a sketch of

whose life I propose to give.

DICK DAVIS

Was born in the city of Maysville,

Ky. I should judge about a quarter

of a century ago. His baptismal

name was John B. Bollinger, but his

father dying while he was yet a child,

and his mother marrying a man by

the name of Davis, he subsequently

was given or assumed the name of

his step-father, and went by the cog-

nomens of "Dick Davis." It is said

that his step-father, mother and a

sister reside at this time in the city

of Cincinnati. At the breaking out

of this rebellion he was a resident

of Mason county, Ky., and engaged in

buying and selling stock, in which

business he was accumulating some

property. Naturally of a wayward,

unsettled and nervous disposition,

he was not slow in gratifying his de-

sire for adventure by engaging in the

war. He joined a Confederate cav-

alry regiment in Kentucky, under

command of that chivalric raider and

horse thief, John Morgan. By his

reckless daring and unscrupulous

cunning, he soon secured the confi-

dence of that partisan chieftain. He

participated in most of Morgan's

raids in Kentucky, accompanied him

in his maoap tour through Indiana

and Ohio, in the summer of 1863,

and was one of the few of that com-

mand that managed to escape and

recross the Ohio at Bullington's

Island. He was an expert scout, knew

the country thoroughly, and was

much of his time employed in that

service. Morgan sent him several

times into the States north of the

Ohio, as a spy, and he never failed

to return with information valuable

to the rebels. Just before that

grand scare—the demonstration of

Kirby Smith on Cincinnati—Dick

had been in that city and reported

its defenceless condition to that Gen-

eral. With this information the Con-

federate General thought the "Queen

City" an easy prize, and such, indeed,

it would have been, had not unexam-

pled promptness and energy been

displayed in the preparation for its

defence. That the city was not sack-

ed and burned is almost wholly ow-

ing to the rapid and numerous re-

sponse made by the "squirrel hunters

and minute men" of Ohio and Indi-

ana, who rallied to its rescue.

While on one of his secret mis-